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THE ART AMATEUR MONTHLY JOURNAL

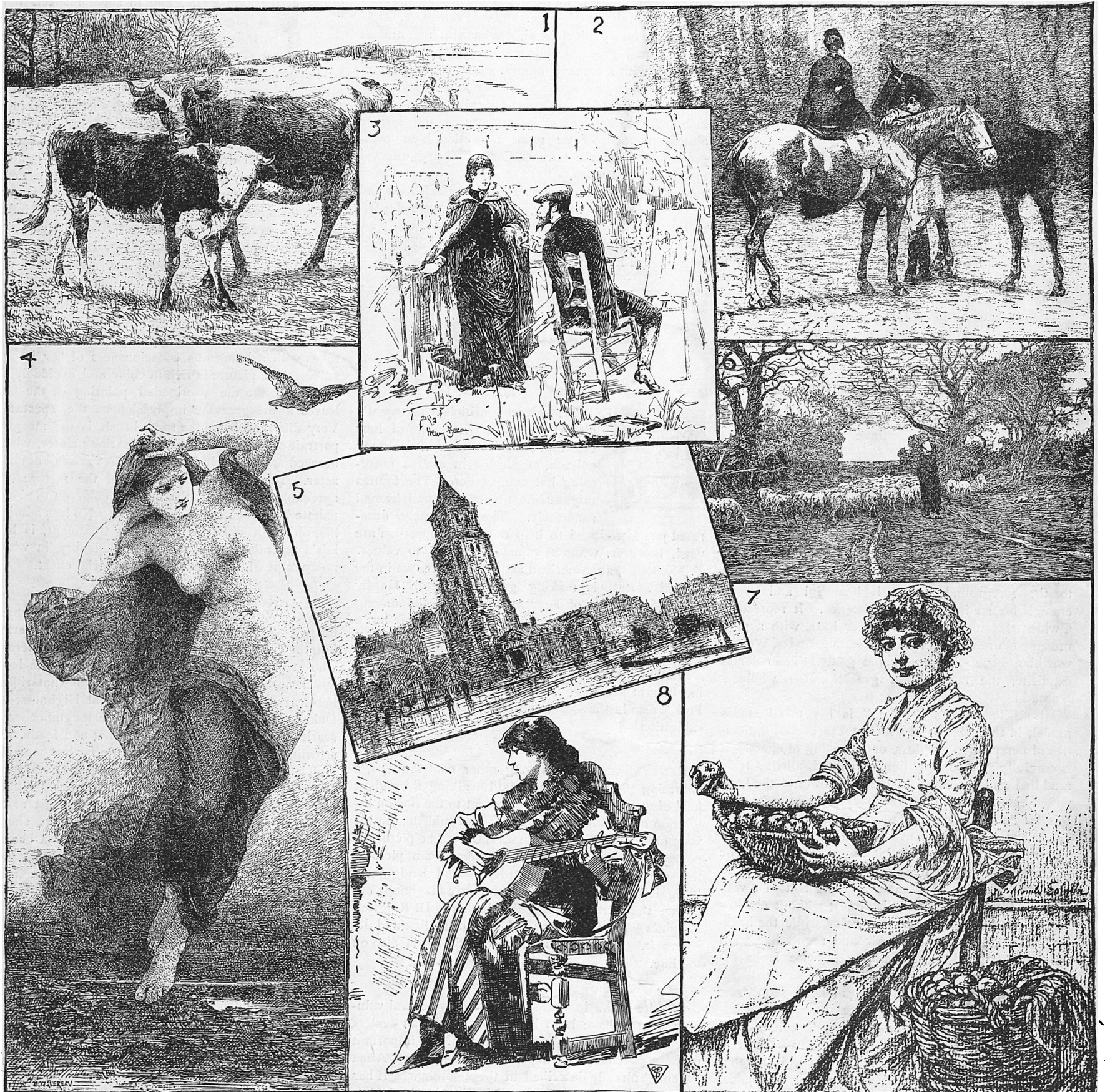
DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

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PICTURES IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1883.

1. "NOIRAUD AND HER MOTHER." BY L. BARILLOT. 2. "AT THE RENDEZVOUS (SOUVENIR OF FONTAINEBLEAU)." BY J. M. CLAUDE. 3. "THE OPEN-AIR PAINTER." BY HENRY BACON. 4. "NIGHT." BY W. BOUGUEREAU.
5. "PLACE SAINT-GERMAIN DES PRÉS, 1883." BY F. M. BOGGS. 6. "THE LAST LEAVES." BY A. BEAUVAIS. 7. "THE APPLE DEALER." BY J. E. SAINTIN. 8. "PRELUDE." BY C. S. PEARCE.

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PICTURES BY AMERICAN WOMEN IN THE PARIS SALON.

PERHAPS the most gratifying feature to an American, in the Salon of 1883, is the very marked advance in merit of the work contributed by our countrywomen, although, as usual, they labor under the serious drawback of being almost invariably skied, and placed in the worst possible light. Another disadvantage is that their characteristic delicacy of color, so often a charm when the work is viewed independent of all false and arbitrary relations, almost blots them out of visible existence in the dazzling maze of color about them.

Miss Sarah Dodson's is the most important work by an American woman this year, both in size and merit. It represents her favorite nude, or nearly nude, figures in their usual angular and involved or spasmodic attitudes—slightly spasmodic this year, involved last. One of the figures is very badly chosen for a partially nude model, almost sexless, and with a mean, insignificant face upon which what is intended for a semi-tragic expression loses all its tragedy. The other face, that of an emaciated, swarthy, fierce old witch, with open mouth, and starting eye, has a curious suggestion of a snarling old black cat. The canvas, however, is virile in color and draughtsmanship, powerful without exaggeration, masculine without straining, and one that shows the strongest and freest hand among all the women artists of our country.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between Miss Dodson's work and Miss Elizabeth Gardner's. The former is all spirit and fire, the latter all cold prosaic imitation. One indicates an artist born to leadership, the other, one destined to eternal pupillage. Miss Gardner's canvas shows two girls with a bird-cage. The girls are her usual two contrasted types of blonde and brunette in their usual semi-classic drapery. The drawing is correct and cold, the color like that of decorated porcelain, and the picture, although the figures are slightly varied in pose, is merely another of the Bouguereau echoes which Miss Gardner has been painting for years and will probably continue to paint as long as she lives.

Decidedly the most gratifying advance is that shown by Mrs. L. L. Williams of Boston. Last year she gave us amateurish work, this year that of a true artist. The same goats that last year figured as "Three Thieves" appear this time as good "Comrades," but with what a difference in style and drawing! Her landscape, although properly subordinate to the foreground group, is beautiful and poetic enough for an independent existence. It represents a wide tract under a blue summer haze, with a picturesque church in the middle distance, and a Wordsworthian little girl among the goats. The color is exquisite, the composition graceful, the whole a painted idyl.

Miss Ellen Hale's "Beppo" is her usual studio model, in the painting of which there are no difficulties of perspective, shadow, or focussing of effect. It is carefully and conscientiously painted, albeit a trifle muddled and indefinite in the modelling of the face, which has, however, less tendency to smuttiness than this lady's complexions generally have. Mrs. Ellen Baker has a delicate canvas called "Le Tricot," two young French girls with a bit of crochet work. The picture, from where it hangs—a sweet little cherub perched up aloft—has somewhat the effect of a very broadly treated pastel. It is almost without shadow and is not exactly pleasing in color while the background of shrubbery lacks air and seems like solid tapestry, but the workmanship otherwise looks excellent.

Miss Lotz has two spirited dogs (she had only one last year) on two different canvases. Miss Elizabeth Strong has another "Chien," colder and athwart a cold glimpse of background, but a very real dog. Miss Klumpke of San Francisco, is another artist in whose progress we have reason to rejoice. Her last year's canvas was clever and original, but small and unpretending. This year she sends "In the Sixteenth Century," which in every artistic virtue puts to shame the unhappy "Nordica" by Healy, which hangs just below it. Miss Klumpke's young lady is painted in a cast-iron dress of apparently half-Dutch character, bronze and aurora-pink. The hand-

ling is strong and free even if a trifle given to that fluffiness of feature-modelling, which Rossetti used to rail against in Sir "Sloshua" Reynolds and his school. The surface is rich and velvety, the flesh tints warm and full, the rich deep shadows without sensationalism and yet of striking effect, the whole picture one to congratulate any young artist upon.

Miss Emma King of Brooklyn, sends a head which she modestly calls "Etude." It is small and unpretending, remarkably good studio work, done somewhat in the Henner manner of outlines mellowed by graduated stippings. It is good in color and refined without weakness in character.

Miss Emily Sartain has a vague dim portrait of a ghostly young lady in a ghostly hat, a being who perhaps might be interesting had she not faded entirely away in an "aesthetic swoon" of bodiless color, evidently preferring "tone" to any more robust and emphatic quality. Miss Alice Brisbane of New York, has a crayon head in profile, elementary student's work thoroughly well done. Miss Frances A. Mallory has a lovely ideal head, drawn with the utmost delicacy and grace, exquisitely poetic in character although with a crooked mouth. Mrs. Mary Thompson of Washington, sends a coarser and heavier portrait also in fusain. Miss Emily Fuller and Miss Isabel Waldo send excellent miniatures, the former almost monochromatic upon a mottled blue background such as the famous Cosway always affected for his choicest work.

Miss Adeline Gates sends a good portrait bust and Miss Helen Hill another, to the sculpture department, and Madame Hyacinthe Loyson, "born in New York of French parents," sends a medallion portrait of Père Loyson in plaster.

My Note Book.

LONDON, July 2, 1883.



ESPIE adverse criticism, Sargent's picture in the Paris Salon of four beautiful American children is, in my opinion, admirable in almost everything but composition. The figures might almost be cut out and framed separately. The elaborately decorated jars introduced to help out the composition are used, however, without sufficient regard to values.

F. M. Boggs, an American artist hardly known in the United States, is making great progress. Hardly twenty-five years of age, he already ranks among our most talented representatives in Paris. He has a large gray picture in the Salon, "The Port of Isigny," which has been acquired by the State. This means a small price but a coveted honor. John A. Lowell has bought Mr. Boggs's picturesque "St. Germain de Prés," also in the Salon, and will send it to the Boston exhibition.

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HENRY BACON has, among other contributions, a charming picture of a milkmaid walking through a field of waving oats. It is to be sent to the Boston exhibition next fall. A sketch of it was published in the June number of THE ART AMATEUR. The picture is poorly hung, as are most of the American pictures this year. Beckwith's "Cordelia" and Bridgman's "Cigale" are on the same panel nearly diagonally opposite, the former being the higher. D. Ridgway Knight's "Sans Dot" has a place on the line and deserves it. Mr. Boggs's "Port of Isigny" is also on the line.

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IN spite of the increased import duty several valuable pictures have been bought by American dealers in Paris for the New York market. Most important of these purchases, perhaps, is Bouguereau's "Alma Parens," already described in these columns. It has been bought by Mr. George R. Blanchard of New York, the price paid being, it is said, \$15,000. The canvas is of great size. When in the artist's studio, I am told that it took up nearly one side of the lofty walls. In the Salon, however, there are so many immense pictures that by comparison this one does not look very large. It is to be exhibited in New

York and Boston before it finds its resting-place in Mr. Blanchard's home. Mr. Blanchard has also bought Charles S. Pearce's charming picture, "La Porteuse d'Eau," which won a medal.

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S. P. AVERY has bought "The Rainbow," by Jules Breton, for Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. The studio price was 60,000 francs. "Morning," the companion picture, was bought by a Paris dealer. Schaus has become the owner of "The Prelude" by our talented countryman Charles Sprague Pearce, showing a beautiful Spanish girl playing a guitar, and Knoedler has bought, among other pictures at the Salon, "The Captives," by Elizabeth Gardner, and a beautiful Le Febvre and a Firmin-Girard.

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THE Royal Academy exhibition this year as a whole is not better than usual, and in some respects it is below the average in excellence. While decidedly strong in portraiture, one looks in vain for the vigorous landscape painting for which England used to be famous. There is no great historical picture—although there are some of decided interest. Neither is there any idealistic work of importance. Limp, long-limbed maidens—Du Maurier girls in "aesthetic" garb—there are in plenty. For the most part they are simply well dressed dummies, gracefully genteel and scrupulously devoid of anything so vulgar as emotion. The painters with well-known names are generally disappointing, and the display is chiefly interesting on account of the work of comparatively obscure artists. The sculpture, too, is weaker than usual this year.

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IN portraiture Millais shows some of his best work. I do not think, however, that it is found in "Une Grande Dame," a pretty child in gorgeous robes with a humorous consciousness of her importance. The picture is rich in color and decidedly attractive; but the overloaded painting of the face leaves a disagreeable impression on the spectator. Very different, from the same brush, is the masterly portrait of Mr. J. C. Hook, the marine painter, whose bronzed and strongly marked features are full of character. The prevailing browns of the picture are agreeably relieved by the dabs of color on the large palette Mr. Hook holds in his hand. No less admirable, although differing widely in treatment, is Millais's portrait of the Marquis of Salisbury, in which no attempt whatever is made at pictorial effect.

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LORD WOLSELEY continues to be a favorite subject for portrait painters. Frank Holl brings out to perfection the characteristics of "England's only General," who is shown in working dress in which he looks much more like a soldier than that somewhat ridiculous carpet Field-Marshal, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, who in all the magnificence of scarlet coat and gold lace, cocked hat and feathers, is scowling out of a huge frame a little farther on. Mr. Holl has several other portraits, including another well treated military subject—General Simmons. Hubert Herkomer sends a vigorously painted portrait of Sir Richard Cross, and that of Herr Joachim, shown in New York last winter. Val Prinsep has a charmingly colored picture of Mrs. Kendal, in most picturesque costume, and Mr. Hicks sends the most effectively painted group of children in the exhibition.

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IN the paintings of Sir Frederick Leighton one cannot fail to appreciate the academical accuracy of his drawing, the faultlessness of his composition, viewed from academical standards, and the delicacy and luminousness of his color. But one looks in vain in his work at the Academy for expression. "Memories" shows a rather sulky-looking young woman; "The Vestal," a pale-faced maiden in profile suggests nothing particular, and "Kittens" presents the lifeless figure of a child and her pet, about whom there is really nothing in common. The same criticism will apply to Mr. Poynter's pretty and faultlessly painted "Psyche," which is nothing but a carefully draped and well posed model, who would by almost any other name be just as sweet. His picture,